

Blackout

by SimplyToti

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Summary: This AU takes place before the Battle of Trost & Eren is a dumb teen with his friends in the 104 legion. This includes but is not limited to being made fun of for being a virgin, getting in fights with Jean, getting very very drunk, ect. Mistakes will be made, smut will happen, and Eren might just accept his growing feelings for his Captain Levi. Mostly Ereri but others ships too.

Blackout

"Mikasa, for the fifth time, _I'll be fine," _I sighed, the alcohol swimming in my veins. The beautiful drink I was holding is something I mixed myself: raspberry vodka, apple liquor, and soda on rocks. It's not too alcoholic but after one specific dare with Jean and Annie, I realized that I was incredibly susceptible to getting drunk faster if my dark and light alcohols were mixed. One drink was enough to make me very tipsy, and here I was proudly nursing my third.

"No Eren, you will not be fine!" she snapped back. "You think I don't know how much you've had? And now you want to go back and drink _more?_ Please, this is just an accident waiting to happen." The two of us were currently arguing in one of the many taverns near the barracks. Candles caste a dim light around the large room, a bard was playing somewhere with drunkards singing along, and sitting to my right was a very flustered Armin.

"You guys," the blond spoke in hushed tones, "stop fi- *hic!* -fighting." He swayed in his chair a bit, the world spinning after one shot of vodka. Still, he had more common sense than Mikasa and I at the moment. "If you're too loud, well get c-caught."

I looked around at all the inebriated people in the tavern, getting a bit dizzy from moving so much. "Armin, I'm almost positive no one here cares that a couple of seventeen-year-olds are getting drunk." Underage? Sure. But damn the people who will send us out into battle

yet won't give us alcohol.

Mikasa scoffed. "This is beyond drunk and you need to stop here. Don't you remember last time?"

"How could I?" I tried to stifle a giggle, suddenly overcome with the warmth of my drink. Of course I couldn't remember last time, I usually don't remember much of my little drunken adventures. My sister snarled and it made the joke seem even funnier.

"Eren! This isn't funny, it's dangerous. I lost you for a whole 24 hours only to find you sleeping in the chicken's coop. How the hell did you even manage to get in there?!" The bubbles of laughter overflowed and I clutched at my sides, unable to hold back any longer. Just the thought of Mikasa destroying everything she touched in a mad rage to find me while I was nesting with the hens was too much to handle. Armin was chuckling to himself and even Mikasa couldn't stop the twitch in her lips from forming a smile. "Okay fine, I get it, it's hilarious. But seriously, one day it's not going to be funny. One day, you're going to make a huge mistake and get hurt from all this alcohol abuse. And Armin is right on one thing: we could get into a lot of trouble if we're found here so _stop laughing so loud." _She said this with a playful punch to my arm, but we've been here dozens of times without so much as a passing glance.

"M-Mikasa," I started, trying to choke out my laughter. " 'Kasa, It'll be totally fine. Besides, when have we ever gotten caught?" The first time we came here, it was with the whole squad: Jean, Connie, Marco, Sasha, Bertolt, Reiner, Krista, Ymir, Annie... we snuck the whole group in. After a particularly bad training session, we decided we needed to relax and let loose. But not without precautions. We took note of our commander's schedules and found out that Tuesday nights are the best times to go. So about a year and a half ago, once a month we would go out and throw caution to the wind. "We will literally never get caught."

However, tonight was the night.

"Never? Huh, did I hear that right?" I sat up straight at the sound of that too familiar voice. The voice that barked orders at me every so once in a while. The voice of the man I looked up to as a child. The voice of the man with piercing gray eyes and a very rare smile that was to die for. The voice of a man who, embarrassingly enough, I more than once touched myself to. "Erwin, Hanji, if you two could reiterate the words that just passed out of this minor's mouth?"

Armin looked to me, just as nervous and wide eyed as I and mouthed 'oh shit'. Which was bad. Armin never cursed, never even thought about cursing. Glancing at Mikasa, I noticed her glare specifically directed at me as if to say 'Goddammit Eren, this is all your fault, what the hell did I just say, why did you have to jinx it...' and so on and so forth.

"I believe the cutie said that they'd 'never get caught'?" Hanji retorted. She whistled lowly, "You know Levi, never is a long time." I felt the bar shake as the three pulled themselves into the chairs surrounding us.

"Scoot over, mushroom," I heard Levi say as he nudged a very unstable Armin to the next seat over. The seating arrangement now went as followed: Erwin, Mikasa, me, Levi, Armin, and then the crazy lady with the glasses. Poor Armin was already getting pestered and talked to at a rate faster than his drunk mind could comprehend.

The bartender - an old balding man with thick glasses and white mustache - noticed the newcomers and walked over. "Didn't think I'd find you three here tonight, although it's nice to see you. Can I get you the usual?" Erwin nodded and the old man stepped back, beginning to prepare their orders.

Levi turned to me, glanced down at my drink and then back to my flushed face. Mikasa had enough decency to put her glass of wine into the bucket of dirty dishes in front of her when no one was looking, so at least she couldn't get caught, while Armin and I... '_Busted,_' I thought to myself. It wasn't hard to put two and two together. "So I see you guys have been here a while?" Levi mused. The man took my cup without asking and drank from it, eyes appraising the mixture. Levi just indirectly kissed me, and I started feeling warmer than usual.

Wait, did he ask me a rhetorical question? "Yes. Wait, n-no! Uh... Maybe?" Oh well, I answered it anyway. One of those rare smiles came to Levi's lips. Was he chuckling? I couldn't tell, because now all I could think about was how soft his lips looked. Suddenly, Hanji reached over and pushed my shoulder.

"Hey, hey, did you even hear me?" she questioned with a pout.

"A-ah no, sorry. What did you say?" My ears flushed a bit at the embarrassment, and I could only hope it wasn't too noticeable.

"I asked to try your drink! It looks yummy!" she smiled.

"Oh, yeah, sure." I shrugged and slid the drink down to her. She took a sip and squealed in delight, making a small comment of approval before sliding it back over. I looked at it curiously, '_Is she giving it back to me?_' Before I could question her motives, the bartender came back with three shots of patron, two glasses of beer, and something fruity but obviously dangerous. The three adults got a shot, and Hanji stole the fruity drink before it could be passed to her. They cheered their shots together before downing them and washing the taste away with their second drinks.

"Wait," Mikasa spoke up. "You guys are... drinking with us? We're not being punished?" She looked as confused as I felt, and I'm pretty sure the three of us wore dumb looks on our faces.

"Oh no, you guys are definitely in trouble," Erwin replied. We sighed, all hope lost. "But that doesn't mean we can't enjoy the night. Worry about it later, for now, another round of shots on me!" Erwin finished off his statement by calling out to the bartender with a huge smile. And this is why I personally think that Erwin is possibly the coolest guy I know. Armin, Hanji and I cheered while Levi and Mikasa wore matching sneers. Mikasa hated shots.

But Levi on the other hand, "Drinking with brats like these leaves such a bad taste in my mouth, Erwin. Besides, I don't think that they could handle anymore. That blond one is definitely too far gone." A

hurtful "Hey!" was heard from all three.

"I could totally handle more! I could probably handle more than you!" I internally cursed my mouth for speaking before I could process the words.

"Yeah sure. Listen kid, you're ten years too young to be challenging me." The older man sipped at his beer with a condescending gleam in his eyes. At this point, I couldn't back down. Now my pride was on the line and really, my pride was all I had left.

"You wanna bet?" I regretted the words as soon as they left my mouth. Our small group looked at each other, knowing that this was a bad idea. Little did I know, Levi was a very heavy drinker, and very competitive. Not only that, but I was about to find out that he was a fucking sadist for letting me think I could take him on.

"Sure," was all he said as the bartender brought out six more shots of Patron.

The night was just getting started.

An hour later, we were all more than wasted. Mikasa was challenged at one point to take some shots, her paycheck on the line, so she was just as bad as the rest of us. I would say that Armin was the furthest gone, but he only had two drinks before he passed out. I'm pretty sure that my blood had evaporated by now and was entirely replaced with booze, which wasn't such a bad feeling. I was full of liquid confidence, sunshine poured out of my veins, and a warmth started at the pit of my stomach and ended at the tips of my fingers. My entire being was buzzing and I felt weightless, giddy, content. At one point, the bard noticed how Armin was dozing on the bar and walked over to play "Wiegenlied". My mother used to sing that lullaby to me all the time, and nostalgia rang in the air as I recited the words. Our little group was appreciating the show while Mikasa hummed along and I could swear Armin sank deeper into the REM cycles of sleep. Halfway through the lullaby though, I forgot the lyrics and stumbled over some gibberish before resorting to singing "Row Your Boat" against the strumming of the guitar. Hanji broke down into laughter, successfully startling and waking up the poor blond.

"What? Huh? Where? Did we? Am I? What?" he quickly spoke out while looking around. The moment was so comical that Hanji snorted, fell off her chair, and caused a wave of laughter to rush over everyone.

"Dumb glasses!" Levi spoke between open peals of laughter. "Get your ass off the dirty ground! You're not sleeping on my couch if you're covered in dirt."

"Yes, Heichou!" she saluted from her place on the floor and it caused Levi to laugh openly again. God he's so gorgeous, his face flushed and smile reaching his eyes. I knew I was staring but I couldn't help it, I really wanted to kiss him. I was in such a daze that I didn't notice the events taking place after that moment.

Erwin had ordered yet another round of shots, but the bartender politely declined, saying that they were closing soon. Hanji then recommended taking the party back to Levi's place and before I knew

it, we were off into the night.

Giggling, stumbling, and lighter than air, Armin gripped my hand and we ran out of the bar together. The warm summer night was filled with joy and warmth and liquor sloshing in our bellies, but it was far from over regardless of the time. I looked over to my friend who was glowing all over. His bright eyes gazed into mine and yet another laugh came out of him. His happiness was contagious and soon I was laughing too. What were we even laughing about? I could honestly care less, because I still really wanted to kiss someone. Like really bad. Like really, really bad. So bad that I was debating on pushing Armin against a tree and grinding up against him and-

"Slow down brats, do you even know where you're going?" Armin flipped around to yell something snarky at the shorter man but instead tripped over his own feet and brought me down with him. We landed with an '_oomph!_' and more giggling. I got up to look at him and was suddenly hit by how beautiful he was. His blond hair feathered on the ground, his eyes lit up with ecstasy, mouth in an open smile showing perfect white teeth, and face flushed from the work out that laughing brought on. Kissing seemed like a very good idea. I gently touched the side of Armin's warm cheek to catch his attention before lowering myself closer to his lips and...

And...

And was grabbed by the nap of my shirt and was hoisted up by Levi. "Fuck brat, next time you fall over, I'm not helping you up. Fucking drunk ass..." He let go of me and kept muttering expletives while walking over to help Armin up just as unceremoniously. Armin was blushing way too hard, and I couldn't look him in the eye. I almost kissed him, I can't believe my lack of willpower! However... I watched him from behind as we walked with the group to Levi's and I realized that I'm not entirely opposed to it. Damn I'm too drunk for this shit.

End
file.